



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

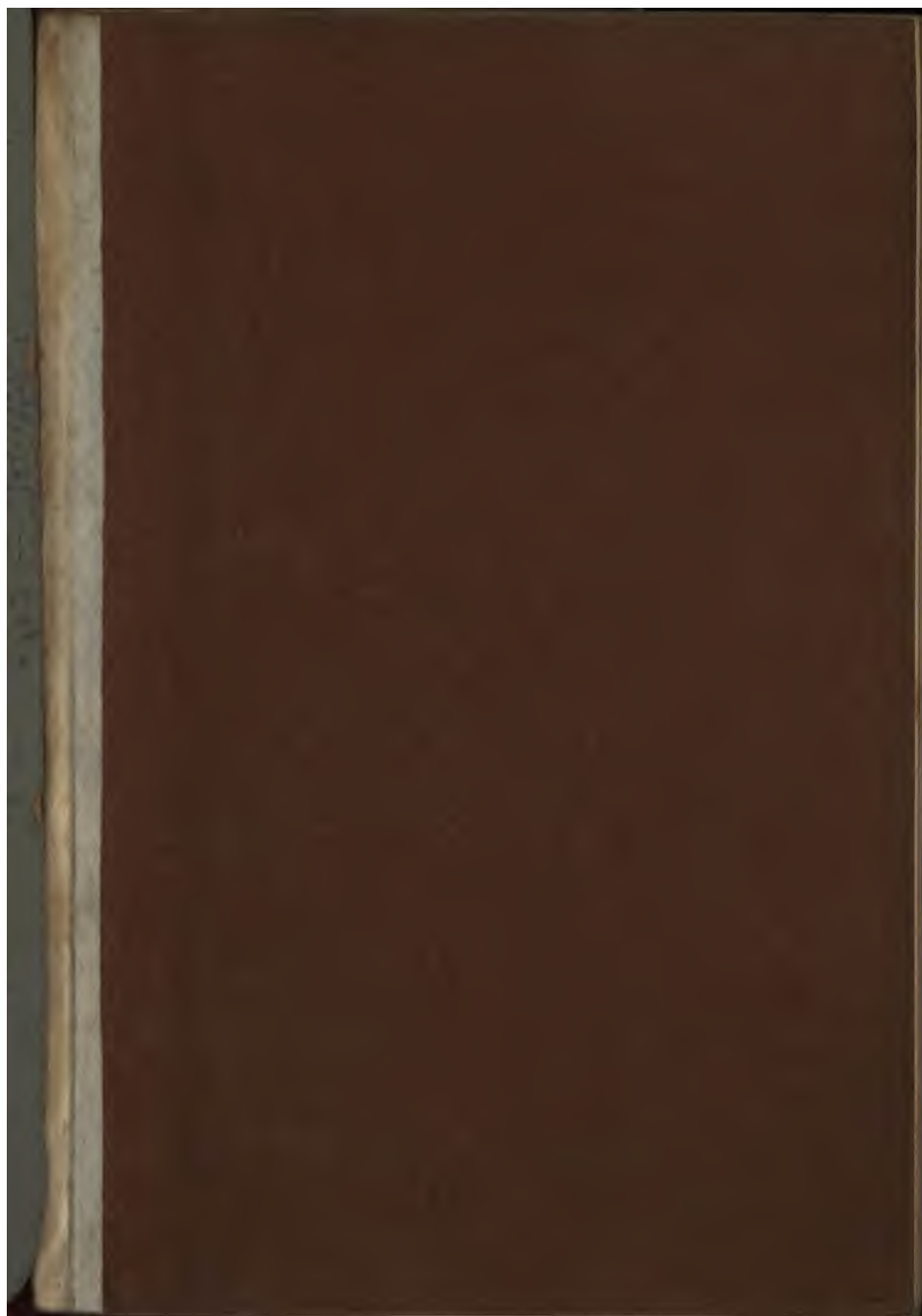
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

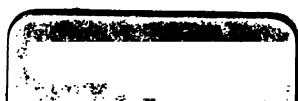
### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600097246Y





1

2

3

68

University of Oxford  
PRIZE POEM ON A SACRED SUBJECT.  
1869.

---

The Day of Pentecost.

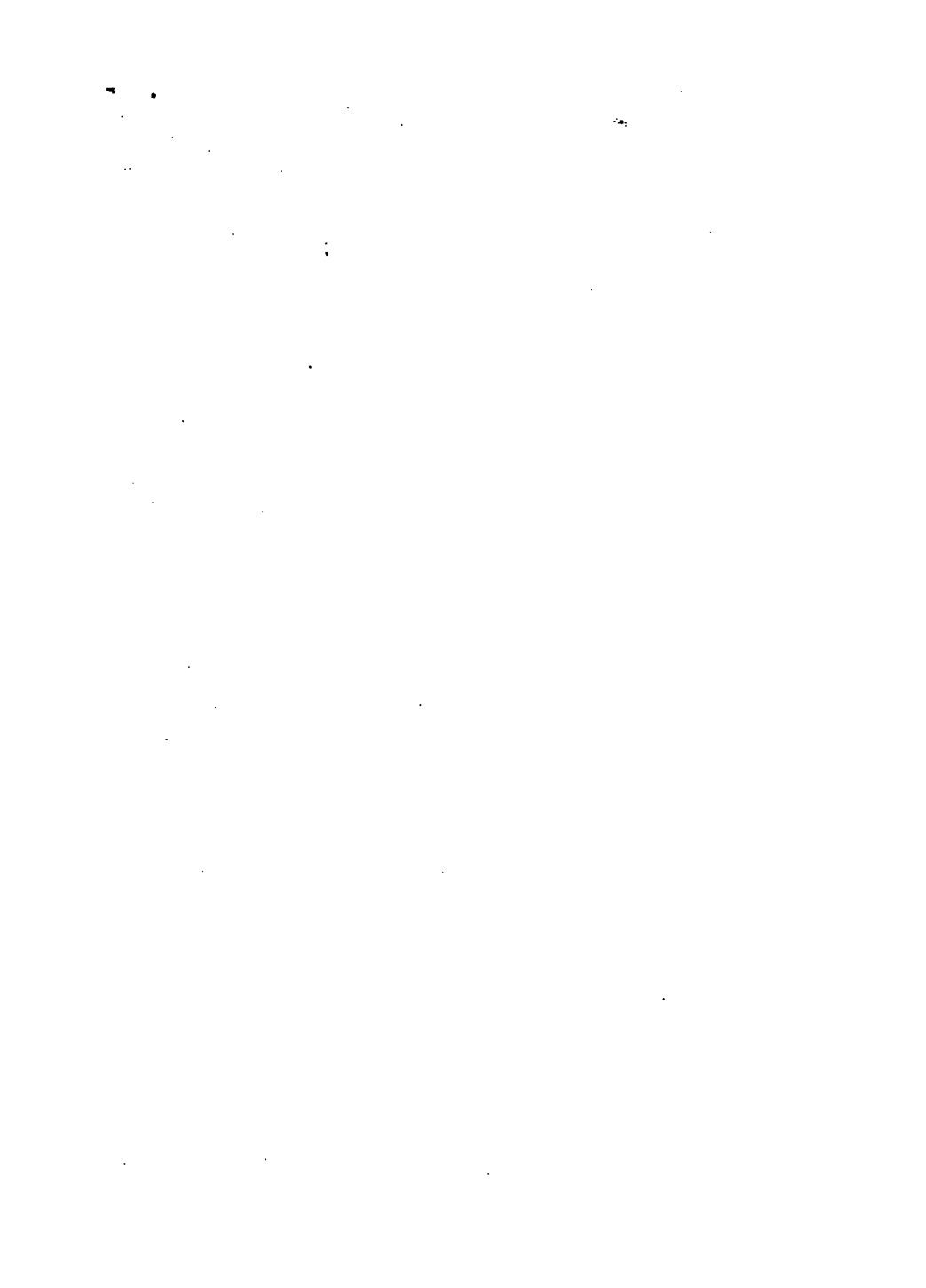
BY  
JOHN WHITE,  
FELLOW OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE.



*Gough Addas Ox.*  
— — — *8. 149. 122*

OXFORD:  
T. AND G. SHRIMPTON, BROAD STREET.  
1869.

*14770. f. 29.*





## The Day of Pentecost.

---

“**T**OGETHER, in one place, with one accord—”

As they, for whom a sudden stroke of death  
Has stricken upon the house, and all is stilled  
Where moved a life of gentle graciousness,  
Sit desolate, drawn closer each to each  
By silent sympathy of sorrow shared,  
Dear common memories, and one awful hope,  
That, even yet, his spirit is in their midst—  
So sat the Chosen. Not again to them—



Ah, lives forlorn and darkened ! not again—  
Among the Olives or beside the Lake,  
Those words, that made the hearts within them  
burn,

Strange words, and chiding of soft eyes divine,  
Should show the way to sweeten life and death  
With trust in God, and love of all He made,  
And kindly brotherhood of men to men.  
For now indeed the world was drear and cold,  
A world of trial, pains and martyrdom,  
With no strong hand of help, no gentle guide,  
No high approval, comfortable words,  
To cheer them through their separate lonely toils.  
But though no grief be ever like to theirs,  
No loss being ever like, yet never grief  
So shone transfigured by the awful faith,  
That, even yet, the lost one lived to save,  
As on those reverend brows, serene, prepared  
To wait the end in utter trustfulness.  
So sat the Chosen, silent, sorrowful,

Expectant. *Suddenly there came a sound  
From Heaven, as of a mighty rushing wind,  
And filled the house, and, with the rushing sound,  
The gleam of fiery shapes, and over all  
The Spirit of God descended manifest.*

O through the ages part by part revealed  
And ever leading upward infinitely  
Thy creatures, and more wide and wider yet  
Scattering Thy gifts of light throughout the  
world—

O Thou, who only art, while all things else  
In slow unwearying of growth and change  
Unroll Thy purposes; whom search of men,  
That sought in darkness, even in darkness found,  
Bewildered at the flux of things, and hailed  
Sole Being, Giver of life and Cause of all,  
Pervading Spirit of the universe—  
Not any day, since first the race of men,  
Thine image, walked erect the wondering earth

Amid the monstrous forms of ruder life—  
Not any day, through all the changing times,  
Wherein Thy wondrous purpose led us forth  
By sure degrees to higher and higher estate—  
Not any day so charged with great intent,  
With general love and mercies unconfined,  
Has shown Thy glory forth, and left a name  
For ever holiest in the tale of days,  
As this, whereon Thy Saviour's work was sealed,  
And all the peoples called to know their God.

Of old with other voice Thou calledst men—  
What time Thy covenant was joined with him,  
Who journeyed faithful all the weary ways  
From Haran unto Canaan; and with him,  
Who heard Thy promise from the bush that burned;  
Or when the lightnings and the thunder's voice,  
Thine heralds, spake Thee present in the cloud  
That overshadowed Sinai's awful brow—  
Then didst Thou call, as one who calls his own—

A father sons, his near and special care—  
Thine own peculiar people: but this day,  
Bursting the bonds of race, proclaimed a God  
Of fatherhood to all of woman born.

As when one watches from the shores at dawn  
A summer's sun uprisen on spreading seas,  
That toward him flings across the parted tide  
An ever-broadening path of shimmering gold  
And sets the whole shore shining: but afar  
The glory narrows, and, on either hand—  
So straitly spans the seas that golden trail—  
No wandering shafts of radiance fire the verge;  
Beneath him, sparkles all the gladdened beach:  
Then saith the watcher, "Surely this were strange,  
"That God's just light, the equal, constant sun,  
"Should leave, far off, unkindled spaces wan,  
"To beam on others. Nay! with us the fault—  
"Our sight is blindness, and the heavens are just:  
"Enough for us to bless the beams we have!"

So we, who marvel at that glorious dawn,  
The day of Fiery Tongues, and all it brought—  
The scattering broadcast of the lights of God,  
That thither stretched in narrow line and strait,  
Gifts for a few, a people's heritage—  
Not idly searching wherefore this was willed,  
Accept the day, and, knowing God is good,  
Know that, to all the ages, all was well.

And even we, however blind to scan  
The secret ordering of the times of God,  
In this great day may darkly read His will,  
Why came it when it came. For now the way  
Was smoothed for mighty change: the world was  
    ripe,  
Grown to its manhood, vexed with vague unrest,  
Unsatisfied with cold philosophies,  
That taught the man to train a straitened soul  
In isolation, haughty, self-enwrappt,  
The crowd's contemner, or, if serviceable,

E'en that in pride, and serving self the most—  
And now the older faiths lay dead and scorned,  
Or dying, half-believed : for now no more  
The joyous freshness of the springtide world,  
Instinct with life and passionate love for all  
Of grace and strength and sweetness eye could see  
Or heart could image, shaped its forms divine  
And worshipped that it shaped, till earth and air  
Grew quick with life, and teemed with Deity—  
And now a race, stern-visaged, strong as fate,  
Reared by the Tiber, issuing thence had burst  
The petty narrowed bounds of smaller men,  
And driven the world to oneness—that before  
Was many worlds, not one—of fire and force  
To fuse all atoms and to weld a whole  
Of such knit texture as might feel throughout  
One shock : like him, who deftly kneads the flour,  
Till all the dry unclinging several grains,  
Worked to a lump, so closely form the dough,  
That hence the toil goes lightlier : for he knows

A little leaven now hid within the lump  
Will swiftly course it through, and leaven all.

So lay the world. So lie the frozen fields  
Before the dawning of the Arctic day,  
Sick for the sunshine, loathing wearily  
The cold, illusive gleam of fitful lights,  
That toy with darkness: then up-leaps the sun,  
And routs those mocking lights, and changes all.

So lay the world; and while the wise ones  
looked  
To other lands for schooling, lo! there cried  
From out the bye-ways of a land despised  
A voice, that spake, as speaks authority,  
However mild of utterance and content  
With rude rough listeners to its blessings poured  
On charitable, pure, and peaceful hearts,  
On hungerers after righteousness, and those  
Who mourned, in mute appeal from earth to God.

And it they scorned, as men will ever scorn  
Their wisest voice and sweetest, and in death  
Would fain have silenced, and have with it stilled  
The record of the life, before it spread  
Beyond the lowly few, who knew the voice  
And loved the life, and so would fain have saved  
The older order and repelled the new—  
Fools! for the time was come. And then there  
shone  
The Fiery Tongues, that blazed the truth abroad,  
That voice's cry, and wrapt the world in flame.

O fresh and sweet, as, when a wearied man  
Steals from the city, thridding silently  
Its roar and tumult and unheeding haste,  
Its hard-faced eagerness of hurrying throngs,  
And gets him to the wastes, and bares his brow  
To drink the coolness, comes and breathes thereon  
The gentle soothing of the breath of fields,  
And lulls the restlessness that chafed his blood;



So sweet to us—who live afar, afar,  
Within an age, that, boasting noisily  
The fulness of its life, its knowledge ripe,  
And busied wholly with its haughty self,  
Falls from the fervour of a simpler faith,—  
To steal away, in thought, to older days,  
Dark days, yet ever, for the eyes that watched,  
Flashed through with gleams of present Deity—  
The bright example of the spotless life—  
God's Spirit poured from Heaven visibly—  
And those, the chosen hearts, on whom it fell,  
So filled with grace, uplifted mightily,  
So wrought to deeds of high devotedness,  
That nought withstood them, and the world was  
won.

For surely now we live in other days,  
Grown hard and proud, like those philosophies  
That nipped, of old, the hearts of men, and grown  
So drunk with progress and so lost in pride

At all their science sees, that lo ! they lose  
The sight of God behind the myriad laws  
Wherewith He wills to wield His universe—  
Or of ourselves would make us worshippers,  
Our common bond, our brief humanity—  
In man's own image fashioning their God.  
O not, not thus, in those old, faithful days,  
They loved the creature in its helplessness,  
For love of Him who loved it, Him who gave  
A man divine, to shadow forth to all  
What wealth of loveliness man's life may know !

Yet not from us, however stray the times  
From simple fervency, communion close  
With Him, the Steadfast One—yet not from us,  
Remembering the day of Fiery Tongues,  
Can pass the trust, that ev'n to-day, to-day,  
His Spirit is shed abroad, not seen as then,  
But none the less outpoured in plenteousness,  
Wherever sought ; not working visible signs,

But none the less fulfilling wondrously  
His ordered plan ; whatever threats may rise,  
What storms soever shake the hearts of men,  
Whatever voices rail against our trust,  
With wisest words, how all, in turn, must wane,  
And newer times need newer faiths than ours.  
And not from us,—though all the Churches rave,  
Each against each, or torn with inner strife,  
Whose is the truest service, meet for God,—  
Remembering that day of bounteous love,  
Can pass the faith, that One there is, who leads  
His own through all the strifes to some far end  
Of quiet concord and of trustful rest ;  
Nor that large love, which sees a spark divine  
In all on whom God breathes the living breath—  
Such love, as burns within his heart, who goes—  
Like to the saints, on whom the Spirit fell—  
To spread the truth, where shrill the Boreal winds  
Sweep the dim lands, or where the shameless suns  
Pour fiery splendours o'er the naked plains—

That self-less love, that rapt devotedness—  
Which whoso shows the most, him do we know  
Of men the likest God ; and, seeing him,  
Are straightway minded, that the flames, which fell  
On that great day from Heaven, may not die ;  
But as, of old, they filled the saintly souls  
With strength to wrestle on, and change the world,  
So burn they now, wherever kindled hearts  
In passionate devotion own and bless  
One brotherhood of men, and over all  
One fatherhood of God's unchanging love.



T. & G. SHRIMPTON, PUBLISHERS, OXFORD.





















































































































